

What I am Learning, Alone in the Desert Hills

1.

Quail converse with themselves
as they bob along:
chook! and whitter.
My feet and face are singing
their own songs:
scrape and clatter;
greetings for this nearly-open cactus flower,
the color of the dawn.

Given

at last
a little bit of silence,
how we fill it.

2.

I'm studying to imitate
the mist that sweeps
from crenellated ridges,
brushing gentle fingers through
the coreopsis' sleep,
smoothing out
the valley's hair to canyon's edge
and falling steps.

Given

what seem
such obstacles,

there is floating.

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